

## Freshman Year, Spring

On the morning of the school entrance ceremony, as I saw myself in the mirror wearing my new uniform, all the pieces finally fell into place.

I was reincarnated as the villainess of an *otome* game. This game was “Magical School Love”, commonly known as MaSLo. It’s the usual cliché of a commoner heroine entering a magic school in a world where only nobles were supposed to be able to use magic, and she would eventually be able to romance princes and other handsome men of high society.

To be honest, remembering that I was reincarnated hasn’t made my opinion of myself fall that much. Originally I, Elizabeth Aston, was the jack-of-all-trades villainess character in the world of MaSLo. But it seems that my original personality before my reincarnation influenced this life, and somewhere along the way I’ve become a proper noblewoman.

Honestly, I thought I was a bit too *much* of a proper noblewoman.

In the game, I had a difficult personality but was also a star student in academics, magic, and even swordplay. I haven’t changed any of those but now my personality, which was supposed to be my key character flaw, was no longer an issue.

So I seemed to have become the ultra-perfect perfect noblewoman? Huh? Being two kinds of “perfect” just sounded wrong.

That wasn’t my issue though, and in truth, I had a lot of problems on my hands. Well, admittedly, I’ve lived a very privileged and comfortable life so far, so you could say I just had the one rather large problem:

The “Elizabeth Aston has too many death flags” dilemma.

The crux of the issue is MaSLo’s plot. In the game, Elizabeth Aston always dies after the heroine’s Good Ends. Is it too much to ask for the rival to live and the main character to be happy or are villainesses just that unforgivable?

My impending deaths are divided into four separate scenarios:

One, I am accused of bullying the heroine, I lose my engagement with a prince, and I die on the execution block.

Two, I die in a war at the end of the plot.

Three, I am experimented on, brainwashed, and have to be killed by the heroine.

And four, I am found as a dismembered corpse under mysterious circumstances.

My maid is already calling for me outside my room, but if I go to school without thinking, those death flags will start rising in no time, so I decided to take some last-minute countermeasures.

Scenario No. 1 is what will happen if the heroine pursues my fiancé Arthur’s route. Originally, I was jealous of the heroine and their increasingly flirty relationship to the point where I try to kill her. It fails and because of this crime of passion, our engagement is called off and I am executed.

The countermeasure for this is to avoid the heroine. If I don’t meet her at all, I can’t be accused of bullying her. I also hadn’t liked Arthur even before I reincarnated, so I couldn’t fall in love him, wouldn’t get jealous, and in fact, felt this would be for the best for them.

Scenario No. 2 is what can happen on all routes aside from Arthur’s. MaSLo has a war break out in its climax and while the original Elizabeth couldn’t have cared less, nobles with magic are obligated to protect their territories and she is forced out onto the battlefield. However, while the heroine becomes a beloved war hero, the ending text includes this line: “The war had many casualties, with Elizabeth Aston being found among the bodies on the battlefield.”

So my main goal is to prevent war from breaking out. I plan to pay special attention to a foreign student, Sergius, as he’s planning a coup that I need to dismantle it before it starts an international conflict.

## Chapter 1

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Scenario No. 3 is what happens if I meet certain conditions anywhere but the Arthur route. I am kidnapped by a magic cult, experimented on and brainwashed, and have to be killed as part of a boss battle. I'm already facing enough terrible fates as is, so I'm going to stamp out that cult without mercy.

The scenarios so far have been terrible, but Scenario No. 4 is by far the worst. It happens on the Reverse Harem route when in the Spring of our Sophomore year, I'm suddenly found dead and dismembered.

There was never a reason given in-game. However, a story writer said that it would be revealed in the sequel.

Now that I was reincarnated as Elizabeth Aston, I wanted to shout, protest, and swear, since the game company went bankrupt before that sequel could materialize, so now no one but that writer will ever know. If there's one good thing out of this, it's they won't be able to grace the world with any more of their work.

For now, I should do everything in my power to prevent the Reverse Harem route.

As I drew up these countermeasures, the time for the entrance ceremony crept ever closer until I was running late, so I committed them to memory and headed off.

"Oh, someone please help me!" I heard as I walked through the school's gates.

It came from above me, so I looked up, and there was the heroine. On a related note, this was her and Arthur's first encounter in MaSLo: she was helping a cat that got stuck in a tree then Arthur helped her down when she got trapped herself.

Rationally speaking, Arthur was going to come to help her, so I should avoid doing so myself and getting to know her in the process. However, the Japanese-upbringing of past me couldn't stomach the idea of abandoning her like this, so I helped her down.

"Thank you very much," the heroine blubbers, still shaking. It's cute.

"I was just doing the right thing," I said as I started walking on.

"Let me introduce myself," she says, "I'm Serena Hollina, first year."

As I thought of if I should introduce myself in turn, I hear, "Ah, Eliza. What are you doing here?"

It's my fiance, Arthur Symseria. Thanks to the memories of my past life, I'm not as clingy with him and I dislike him, too, so our engagement is now completely up in the air. If I'm being truly honest, I hate him; I don't know how he was ever so popular.

"Oh, Arthur," I said. "I'm sorry, I'll head to the entrance ceremony at once."

“No, don’t bother, I was looking for somewhere I could escape to, it’s such a hassle,” Arthur said. “So, what are you doing here, Eliza?” he said, giving a fake-looking smile.

“Umm, she helped me get down from that tree!” Serena said.

“Hmm, I don’t believe I was asking *you*,” Arthur said. “Well then, I must be off!” he said as he walked away.

“Oh no, the time,” I muttered.

We rushed to the entrance hall where the ceremony was being held but we were already late.

“You’re an idiot, you know that?” says Yoshie Catherine.

She is my only friend in this world of nobility. Her name is Japanese but she has a European face. Her personality is much more the former than the latter, however, and as a result, we’ve been had a wonderful friendship for the past 10 years.

“But you’re still helping me out with my plans,” I counter.

“I know, but this whole ‘keeping yourself from dying’ thing is really stupid,” Yoshie says.

We’re also close enough that we can exchange jabs like this.

“That was an unforeseeable accident,” I say.

“Is that so?” Yoshie says. “Anyway, what’s the plan for the rest of today?”

“Recover my honour, is what!” I cry.

“I see,” Yoshie said. “Well, you go do your best, I’ll see you around,” she said as she headed off to her next class.

Over the next month, I become accustomed to the magical school system where students can choose their classes as they would at a university. The capture targets are approaching Serena and things seem to be developing almost the same as the game.

According to the original plan, I avoided all contact with her, but the school life for Serena is getting pretty unpleasant due to the nature of MaSLo.

As it was then, there are many people unhappy with her getting close to the capture targets, and as a result, they're bullying her. More so, people seem to think I'm the mastermind. I could only *wish* they were joking.

The worst part of it all however was that the capture targets aren't doing a thing to help her, including that bastard Arthur.

What a load of crap. So, to prove I'm not the mastermind and to protect Serena, I decided to take action according to MaSLo's plot.

Originally, there was a mandatory event in the final week of April. I'd call Serena out to the courtyard, accuse her of getting too close to Arthur, then attack her with magic. Of course, Arthur is supposed to be the one to come help her, but from my point of view, he can go fuck himself.

After classes end, I look for Serena. "Been a while since the entrance ceremony hasn't it, Ms. Hollina?" I ask.

"It has been, Lady Elizabeth," she replied.

"I have something I must speak to you about," I continued. "Please come to the courtyard."

"I-I will," Serena said nervously.

I was getting anxious, there was something up with Serena. I don't know why, but she's giving off this aura that makes me want to protect her, even if she is the heroine.

We come to the courtyard. Usually, there are only a few people milling about but news has spread fast, and now the rumormongers of the school were gathering to spectate.

"It seems you're being bullied," I said to Serena outright.

"I am..." Serena says, looking down.

"Would you happen to know why?"

"Um, because I'm a commoner and I'm getting too close to Arthur?" Serena offered.

"50 points out of a 100," I say.

"Huh?" Serena goes.

“The correct answer is that *this* bastard still isn’t doing anything despite the fact he’s part of the reason you’re being bullied,” I said as I kick the bush behind Serena.

“Oof!” Arthur grunts as he falls out of it and onto the ground.

“Oh, my apologies, Arthur,” I say, “for a moment, I thought there was a bug there.”

It felt better than expected, so I decided to do it again. I thought he’d be humiliated after that, but as I caught sight of the entranced look in his eyes, I felt intensely uncomfortable and stopped.

“Say, Ms. Hollina,” I say as I turn back to her. “No, Serena, would you like to be my friend?” I ask.

“Huh...?” Serena asked, confused. “Um... is it acceptable for a commoner like myself to be friends with a noblewoman like you?”

“Don’t worry about it, I don’t choose companions by their statuses,” I said. “I just wish to be your friend.”

“Then, in that case, I’d be happy to be your friend, Lady Elizabeth,” Serena said.

“Please call me Eliza, it’s what my close friends call me,” I replied.

“Would you mind if I called you just Eli?” Serena said with a smile that would have raised so many affection flags if I was a capture target. Instead, I felt this inexplicable sense that I was in danger.

“Eli...?” I whispered.

“Would you prefer I not?” Serena asks, nervously tilting her head. It’s cute.

“No, please feel free,” I said, “in fact, I like it!”

Serena’s face lit up like the sun.

If I were a man, I would have fallen for her right then and there. As it was, I turned to face the gossipers who were hanging onto our every word. “Listen to me!” I cried. “You all heard what we said! If anyone does anything more to my friend Serena, I’ll give it back to you tenfold like this!”

I proceeded to trample Arthur.

The spectators ran away scared and so the confrontation in the courtyard ended and Serena's tormentors stopped as well.

And for a month after I had to go into social exile for kicking and stepping on Arthur. Come on.



# Chapter 2

## Freshman Year, Summer 1

June in this world has a rainy season much like Japan. Or I suppose it would be more accurate to say that this world looks like Medieval Europe but the seasons and the events are based on Japan. Thus, the summers are stupid hot and the winters are stupid cold.

I suppose it makes things easier for Japanese players to understand. Alternatively, that plot writer was out of his mind.

I've also become welcome in polite society again. That incident in the courtyard was a bit of a scandal because I stomped all over Arthur.

The aftermath was the first time I'd ever been given a talking to by my father, who claimed he never wanted to see me hurt. After 30 minutes of that, I said, "I love you because I know you're scolding me for my own sake, Father," then the next day bought a cake and took it home. Simple.

During my month of social exile, I got letters from Yoshie and Serena.

Yoshie's said, "You're still an idiot." I wish she'd stop calling me that, it's so annoying.

Serena's said that she wanted me to come to school early because she was feeling lonely and also grateful for the courtyard incident. When I read it, I felt I had no choice but to go back to school.

Mother was angry about my decision but I had high spirits about this. My return shouldn't be that big a deal.

I did my best to retain my good mood as I returned to school from month-long exile.

"Elizabeth Aston! I challenge you to a duel!"

And almost instantly, this happened. I looked at my challenger and saw he was capture target: Lancelot Souberk, second son of the Souberk family, famous for producing generations of knights who served the royal family. He's a man of loyalty, but I don't think I want to support this guy because he's also got the intelligence of a goldfish.

To be clear, I felt the duel was going to be troublesome, but since he was a recurring antagonist for me back in MaSLo, I feel I should make the difference in our power clear so I can avoid any future challenges.

"I accept your challenge," I said.

"In that case, the date and time will be..." Lancelot suddenly went quiet.

I looked behind me.

"Good morning, Eli," Serena says, smiling. "Congratulations on the end of your exile, I'm happy to see you back."

She's so cute when she smiles. It seems like things are currently going as they did in the game, with her so shy in front of Lancelot that she's acting like an elementary school student with a crush.

"So, shall we head to your classroom?" Serena asks me.

"Hold a moment, Hollina," Lancelot said. "I still have business with Lady Aston."

Like Lancelot was a useless husband and Serena was the wife he was putting down, her face suddenly fell. "Hey, Eli, is that true?" Serena asked.

"It is," I say. "I've been challenged to a duel for some reason, so I don't think you can help."

"Hmm, why have you been challenged, anyway?" Serena asked.

"Now that you say it, I don't think I've been told the reason, either," I said as I turn back to Lancelot.

"I seek an apology to Prince Arthur," Lancelot said, looking irritated.

"I apologized to Arthur already," I said.

On the first day of summer, I and my father went to his home to formally apologize. And do you know what he said to that?

"Well, then, Eriza: kick me again!"

He had such a strange look in his eyes. I was so exasperated with him once again that I *did* kick him. Lancelot does not know about any of this, as he heard from his father, who wanted him to get into Arthur's

service in the future.

In short, he is a troublesome guy who won't let this matter go so easily.

However, since I already accepted his challenge, I couldn't refuse his challenge for my pride as a noble, but there were a few upsides to this.

"I see, thank you," I said. "However, if I win: you'll become my slave, Lancelot."

"Hmph, very well," he said, "I cannot lose, after all."

Grrr, he's making me angry. I'll make sure to win now.

"Hey, Eli," Serena said, worried, "isn't Lancelot second only to Prince Arthur in combat classes? Are you going to be alright?"

"Hey, Hollina," Lancelot snapped, "this is a fool who dares disrespect Prince Arthur. Don't get so familiar with her!"

Serena was starting to get scared. "But Lancelot, I and Eli are friends. I'm not going to let you break us up."

Lancelot looked confused. "What are you saying, Hollina...? Aha! You must have been brainwashed by Lady Aston!

Hey! Lady Aston!"

"Yes?" I asked, nervous.

"If I win, release Hollina from your clutches," he said.

Yes, I thought he would say something like that. He is *such* an idiot.

"Feel free to try, if you believe you can," I replied.

And so began my turbulent first day of Summer term.

It was the day of the duel. They seemed to be held several times a year here on school grounds, to solve problems among its many students of the aristocracy. For this match, the officials decided it would be according to the school's usual rules.

Our duel will be "Fit-to-Fight". Just like the game, you just have to

reduce your opponent's HP to zero, with some form of protective magic that will prevent any lethal damage, as it often went in these "another world" settings.

News of our match spread wide and so the stands of the Coliseum were packed. Since there are so many spectators, betting was inevitable. Before you ask, the odds favour Lancelot at 3 to 1.

While I was watching the bets happen, Serena came up to me and said, "I bet all the pocket money I made this month on you, so please rest assured!"

No, I cannot rest assured. If I lose, I'll be responsible for Serena's *financial* loss, also.

It's almost time for the match to begin now. "I suppose it's time for me to go..." Serena said as she hugged me, teary-eyed. "Don't lose, Eli. I don't want to lose you, too."

As she said something so cute, I patted her head. "Who do you think I am? I'm Elizabeth Aston. It's unthinkable for me to lose."

It was one of my famous lines from MaSLo. Though in the game I lose afterward, I still dared to use it because this was my second chance at life and I am determined to turn things around.

"So, it seems you decided to come here instead of running away," Lancelot taunted as we entered the ring, his magic armour already hardening.

"So I did, but I don't need to taunt my enemies to make me feel better about my impending loss," I replied.

Lancelot fumes, his face red in fury. He couldn't seem to think of a good comeback; with his goldfish brain, it's a little sad.

"Are we ready to begin?" I call out to the teacher who's supervising.

"Just a...!" Lancelot flubbed, panicked.

The teacher didn't care. "Let the duel between Lancelot Souberk and Elisabeth Aston commence!"

And like that, the dust started flying.

Lancelot's magic focuses on constantly reinforcing his armour, so I'm uncertain if I can win at close range. However, I can defeat him before

he gets the advantage and as an earth magician, the answer was to take him out at range.

With that in mind, I'm going to recreate the skill famous for being a one-hit KO back in the game.

I charged Lancelot, pumped mana into the ground, then shouted, "Fissure!"

Almost instantly, Lancelot falls into the new cracks in the arena. Farewell, Lancelot. We'll never forget you.

Cheers rise all over the stands. On the board that displays our HP, Lancelot's was now "0".

"E-li...!" Serena cried as I came up to the seats to meet her. She pulled me into a hug shortly after. Well, it was a trivial challenge, but I suppose it was still a victory.

"That was amazing, Eli!" Serena said, shining once more as she brings her face close to mine. "I never doubted you'd win for a second!"

I'm shocked at how close we are but she's cute, so it's fine.

Afterward, Yoshie came over to congratulate me. "You did it," she said.

And from Arthur, "As expected of my Eliza."

What happened to Lancelot who had fought so hard for your sake? Also, I don't want him here. I was already discretely making a fist. "Yeah, that wasn't so bad, haha," I said as I relaxed my hand.

Later, Lancelot crawled up to me. "There's nothing more to say," he said, "from this day forth, I am your slave."

I felt uncomfortable about all this now, so I said, "Hmm, no, I don't think I need your service after all."

Lancelot looked like an abandoned dog and I felt sorry for him, but this was for the best.

# Chapter 3

## Freshman Year, Summer 2

It's been a month since the duel and the rainy season has now come to an end. There were no more traces of Serena being bullied. The incident in the courtyard was forgotten. My "return it tenfold" threat still stood, but there were still a few fools who harassed her.

This time, however, it's not because Serena is a commoner woman trying to seduce several handsome men, but...

"Eli!" Serena cries as she dashes to me and hugs me, no interest in the guys her at all.

"Haha," the Perverted M-Prince mutters from nearby. "Well then, Eliza: won't you kick me?"

I'm ready to spit poison at him. He's royalty, can he act like this?

"Prince Arthur," Serena said, "neither I nor Eri wants to even breathe the same air as you, so please never show your face to us again."

"Haa-haa, your words are good, Serena," Arthur says, "but, I still desire Eliza's kicks."

"Ugh, no," I groan. "Serena, let's just leave him and go check out that new cake shop in the city that Yoshie was talking about."

"Sounds good to me," Serena said.

"Step all over me before you go, Eliza," the Perverted M-Prince says, disturbing us both.

I blew the whistle I had ready for this exact situation. After a 30 second countdown: "What do you require, Aston?"

Lancelot said.

I point to Arthur. "Take him away," I said.

"Understood," Lancelot said.

"Just one stomp...!" Arthur complained as he was dragged away.

Lancelot had become our deterrent force aimed at the now out-of-control Perverted M-Prince, though he's still not a slave as we'd originally agreed on. With how he comes in an instant and handles things for me, though, I can't help but feel that I'm treating him like a dog instead.

As I walked to the cake shop with Serena, I saw another of the capture targets: Sergius Reise, an international student and one of my causes of death. His route is especially bad, a shitty plot where Serena would join the coup he was leading.

To prevent Serena from falling into his clutches, I needed to dismantle it early.

I told Serena "Go ahead without me, I'll catch up later," then approached him. "Mr. Reise, is it okay if I speak to you for a moment?"

"What do you want, Ms. Meathead?" he huffed.

If that insult means the same as "NOUKIN" in Japanese, then I will kill whoever gave me that as soon as I find them.

"Well, are you prepared to die?" I asked.

"Why are you asking me such a terrible thing?" Sergius asked.

"Because you're planning a coup, yes?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," he said. He's not even flustered, he's quite the iron-will.

"Shall I tell that to the Florists and the Butchers you've betrayed, then?" I asked.

"... How did you...?" Sergius gasped.

And *there's* the reaction. The Florists and the Butchers are codenames for rival organizations, and Sergio is fueling both their operations. I wondered if he was a traitor from the very beginning.

"Do you know of the Magic Cult?"

"Who are they?" Sergius asked.

I handed him papers with my research, made using the Magic School's

resources. "They'll be a hindrance to your plans, so help me destroy them."

"... I'll consider it," Sergius said.

"You don't seem to understand I'm only giving you two choices," I said. "One, you destroy the magic cult with me. Two, I have you outed and rewarded as a traitor deserves: with *death*. Two simple choices, please make your pick."

"Alright, all join you," Sergius grumbled.

"Now that that's settled, I'm going to go eat some cake now," I said. "From here on out, you only move according to my plan."

Sergius' face was priceless.

"Over here, Eli!" Serena said as I entered the cake shop, a cup of tea in her hand. She's cute.

"Sorry to keep you both waiting, Serena, Yoshie," I said as I walked up.

"You're late," Yoshie said.

"It's alright, Eli," Serena said. "Come on, let's order."

I got cheesecake, Serena a fruit tart, and Yoshie a shortcake. After we each take a bite, Serena puts a bit of her fruit tart on her fork and holds it out to me. "Eli, say 'Aaah'..." she said.

"Aaah..." I say, taking it.

This happens all the time when I eat with Serena. We're all girls so it's not so strange, but why do I keep feeling that something's off?

"Selena, let me give you a bite, too," I said as I do the same with my cheesecake.

"Yay!"

"Here, say 'Aaah'..." I say as I feed her.

Yoshie chuckles. I freeze as I remember she was right there. "You look like a couple," she says.



“Ehehe, do we?” Serena says, in stark contrast to me. She was so cute like this. “Anyway, what are you guys doing over summer vacation?”

“I’ve no choice to prepare for *that*...” I grumbled, Yoshie nodding in sympathy.

Serena looked lost. “Eli, what do you mean by ‘that’?”

“The School Magic Tournament,” I replied.

It was like the tournament arc of a battle-manga and an important venue for the aristocrats to show off their power. I was compelled to participate and give my all.

“Maybe we can go train together?” Serena said.

“Uh-uh,” Yoshie went.

“The thing is...” I said before I explained that my training regiment and schedule had already been set.

“Aren’t you going to the beach?” Serena asked.

“I won’t have the time to,” I said.

“None,” Yoshie said.

“So I’m not going to be able to see Eli in her swimsuit?” Serena asks, looking desperate.

“Certainly not happening this year,” I said.

“Mhmm,” Yoshie said.

Serena looked crestfallen.

With these gloomy clouds hanging over us, the day of my first Magic Tournament was fast approaching.

# Chapter 4

## Freshman Year, Summer 3

In MaSLo, the winner of this year's Magic Tournament was whoever Serena supported. It's a wonderful event where she tells them to give it their all just before the start, raising affection flags as well.

With that in mind, I'm still determined to win, because...

"Woo! Woo! E-li! E-li! You've got this tournament in the bag!"

... Serena is desperately cheering, four times as much as she ever did in the game.

My opponent for the first round is Stan DeFord, son of the High Priest and a capture target.

"Lady Elizabeth, I fear I cannot harm beautiful ladies like yourself, yet I cannot let you win here either," he called out.

Ugh!

"Don't worry," I called back. "I'll be the victor anyway."

"Hmm, what an amusing thing for a lady to say," he said.

I am going to crush this man into the ground.

I hold my hand out level to his chest. Then, as soon as the presiding teacher gives the signal, I rushed towards him in an instant and sent him flying.

The rules of magic in this world say that one person only has one magical attribute. The most common four are the attributes Fire, Water, Earth, and Wind, which can be summoned and manipulated at will. However, with a deeper understanding of magic, you can begin to use them at the Concept-Level where you, you start manipulating your attribute's properties and create entirely new, powerful magic.

With the Fire element, you could release a divine flame that burns everything it touches, or invoke the spirit of the Phoenix to heal others. With the Water element, you can siphon all the moisture from a person's body and instantaneously turn them into a mummy.

My attribute is Earth.

It gave me control over the ground itself and not just dirt. I took advantage of that by moving the ground beneath my feet, propelling myself at high speed until my hand hit Stan. If you want to make a comparison to *manga* from before, I guess you could call it like the “JET Pistol”.<sup>1</sup>

Stan ends up going quite the distance, and honestly I feel a little sorry for him.

“Welcome back, Eli,” Serena says as I return to the stands. “You were so cool back there.”

“Was I?” I asked.

“Mmm,” Serena said. “I’d go say you’re the coolest person in the world today, Eli!”

It means a lot to me that she’s saying that.

“Time for me to step up,” Yoshie said as she headed down herself. “I won’t lose to you, Eliza.”

“Give it your all, Shi!” Serena says.

“Give it your all,” I repeat.

Later, after Yoshie and her opponent are in the ring, Serena asks, “Hey Eli, how likely do you think Yoshie’s going to win?”

“I’d give her a 90% chance of defeat,” I replied.

“That sounds pretty bad,” Serena said.

“Well, it’s not like Yoshie’s magic is good for combat...” I mutter.

Yoshie’s concept-level magic was what you might call a “Dictionary”. It’s the ability to use magic to “know” whatever you would like. Since I don’t know the exact details, I think it’s similar to how an internet search engine works.

It’s incredibly useful except for combat. And so, Yoshie gets burned by the child of a fire mage.

Serena is next. Before she leaves she says, “Eli, I’ll give this match my all! If I win, pat my head!”

“Alright,” I said. Not that I was ever going to *stop* patting her head.

Her match ended with an overwhelming victory, Serena returned to me, looked up adorably, and said, “Eli, pat my head!”

I did then she giggled shyly. What an adorable creature she is.

In our second rounds, I won against the small fry thanks to my concept-level magic. Serena, however, lost badly against Arthur’s twin brother, Mordred.

“Eli, I lost!” Serena cried, so I patted her head. Eventually, she calmed down and said, “Thank you, Eli. I know you’ll win this tournament, so go out there and take your title!”

With all the cheering from this morning and till now, I feel as if I have no choice but to win. And perhaps because of Serena’s support, I made it to quarterfinals.

Lancelot was my opponent. “Hmph, Aston,” he said. “Be prepared, for this will not be as easy as before.”

“I expected as much,” I replied.

The match started.

I cracked the ground beneath Lancelot’s feet.

“*Levitation!* ” he cried, floating in the air just before he could fall in again.

“How about that!” I said as I made a smug grin. “But I don’t need to *break* the earth to win!”

I started turning the ground around him into golems. In honour of a certain game, I christened it “Unlimited Golem Works”.2

Lancelot lasted for all of two minutes against my golem army until he was yelling, “I give, I give, it’s my loss!”

My victory was delicious like Henna chocolate.

As I moved onto semi-finals, my opponent was Mordred, the bastard prince that made my adorable Serena cry. He was the “handsome bookish” type of capture target and is the most down-to-earth and humourless of them.

“You’ve made my Serena cry, so prepare yourself,” I said as we met on the field.

“This battle will be mine, so *you* prepare for that,” he counters.

I will admit that was pretty cool of Mordred, but by crushing him with a localized gravitational field, victory was almost instantly mine.

He approached me after the match. “You’re very strong, Elizabeth. Become my master.”

“My training is strict, I wonder if you’ll be able to keep up,” I said.

“Hmph, let’s do it,” Mordred said.

He’s still game for it, what do I do?

“Eli, thanks for avenging me,” Serena said as she came up and hugged me, adorable as always. “Go clinch the finals, okay?”

“Good luck as well,” Mordred said before he turned around.

“Oh? You’re leaving now?” I asked.

“I must start training again soon,” he said.

“And I’m going to stop Eli from becoming anyone’s master without her permission,” Serena said.

It seems that Serena and Mordred don’t get along well. That fight earlier must have blocked that route.

Time for the finals.

“Well, Eliza, I do want you to kick me right now, but I suppose I should hold till after my victory,” Arthur said.

“How about before the match starts?” I snapped as I started approaching him. “I’d be happy to kick you now!”

“Stop, stop, only up to that point!” the teacher said, keeping me from getting any closer and getting disqualified. Thank you, teacher!

“Well, your kicks will certainly be a fantastic reward for my victory,” Arthur said.

“You speak as if I’d *let* you win,” I said.

“Now, let the duel commence!” the teacher cried.

Immediately, I trapped Arthur’s feet in a gravitational field before I cast *Fissure* on the ground.

Arthur pulled out his sword and stopped the spell before the cracks could appear. As the only concept-level mage alongside me and Yoshie, he focused his magic on sword spells, all while wielding the strongest one in all of MaSLo:

“Now, Excalibur.”

He swings and carves out impossibly huge sections of the ground. If I couldn’t move so fast with my magic, I would have been destroyed with them. As soon as he stops, I increase the gravitational force on his feet.

“How nice, Eliza,” Arthur says as he swings his sword, freeing himself. “Shame it won’t work. This is sword is an enchanted blade, it will cut through *all* forms of magic.”

His words shake me. But I can’t give up while Serena and Yoshie are cheering me on. I summon new golems then try to crush him with gravity again, but he cuts them both apart.

“It’s useless, Eliza!” Arthur yells. “Just surrender and kick me!”

This guy won’t get disciplined any time soon. But I still had my trump card. I cast my *Zero G* spell, leaving me temporarily unaffected by the earth’s gravity. Weightless, I propelled myself forward and got right in front of Arthur in an instant.<sup>3</sup>

“How...?” Arthur muttered.

I sent him flying out of bounds.

The stands erupt in cheers, Serena rushes down from the audience to hug me right then there. “You did it!” she cries.

“Congratulations! That’s our Eli: strong, cute, and kind. No doubts about it, I’m happy you’re my friend!”

“Selena, she’s not yours,” Arthur said as he came back. “Elizabeth is mine.”

“Hmph, she’s my master,” Mordred said, somehow getting mixed up in this.

“Haa, just shut up,” Serena said. “Pervert M-Princes!

“Don’t confuse me for my brother,” Mordred says.

“Oh, Serena,” Arthur said. “Your insults are almost as good as Eliza’s kicks.”

Seeing the princes like this made *very* worried for the future of this country.

# Chapter 5

## Freshman Year, Autumn

Something strange happened to the school after the summer vacation. Back in MaSLo, there were several people around me aiming to court me for my family name and my grades. There were a few at the start of the school year, but after the incident with Arthur at the courtyard, they all but evaporated.

The only exceptions were Yoshie and Serena, so it didn't bother me much, but now my suitors have suddenly, mysteriously exploded in number and I feel trouble brewing again.

It starts when I arrive at school in the morning.

"Good morning!" said about 80 people all at once.

To be honest, I'm scared and frightened by all of it.

"Good morning, Eli!" Serena said as she comes over. Her appearance is soothing.

It's like a Feudal Lord's procession when I walk towards school and the entourage starts coming with me.

"So, what's your plan today?" Yoshie asked as if nothing was going on.

"Hmm, perhaps plans for the future of this country," Mordred murmured from somewhere, unseen.

"Hey, what are you doing here, Stalker?" Serena asks. "I'm getting bad vibes from you, so go away."

"I'm just walking nearby," Mordred replied before he and Serena start



arguing.

Since that's always the case when they're in close enough proximity, I don't feel particularly worried.

"Eliza, kick me!"

And now that the Perverted M-Prince is here, I blew my whistle.

"Aston!" Lancelot says as he comes running. "You've been calling for aid quite a lot lately."

"If you have complaints, take them to Arthur," I grumble.

"Lance, please take the Pervert Prince away immediately," Serena says. "I don't want him in the same space as Eli."

"Hey, Hollina, watch how you speak to the Prince!" Lancelot said.

"Oh, and Lance, please don't come back afterward," Serena said.

Lancelot seems almost in tears as he takes Arthur away.

Since this sort of scene has become a regular occurrence, I told Serena that I wasn't that bothered, but there was still the matter of all the people behind me.

Come the next day, there were suddenly only 10 of them.

"I'm on duty, so just relax, Eli!" Serena said.

I wondered what she meant by that until my gut told me that I shouldn't pry any further.

In October, there is a school festival in this fantasy world. Nearly

identical to the one in Japan, each class creates exhibits, produces plays, and runs mock shops.

Freshmen are divided into groups of four and decide on what they're going to do. In MaSLo, the plot was that Serena's group (composed of three other capture targets) competes against my group, who ends up losing.

"Yay, Eri and I are in the same group!" Serena cheers.

Oh, it looks like it'll just be the two of us against everyone else who's in other groups.

"Eliza," Arthur said.

"Aston," Lancelot said.

Mordred looks at me pointedly.

"Lady Elizabeth," Stan says.

"Ms. Meathead," Sergius said.

Come on, what is with me and all the capture targets?

"Only one of you can speak with her," Serena says.

"Then if that's the case, it will be me," Arthur says as he steps up. "I won't lose to you. Furthermore..."

Arthur suddenly dropped to the ground.

"Understood," Serena said as she pulled her hand back. "So, Eli is going to be busy with preparations, so she doesn't have time to talk anymore! Bye-bye!"

She dragged me away from the capture targets then told me, “Since you’re already so cute, Eli, men might swoop in and take you if you’re not careful!”

I could say the same to you, Serena.

Just like MaSLo, we decided we would hold a play. The story is about a prince rescuing a girl kidnapped by a dragon, and in this world it’s about as well-known as Romeo and Juliet. Serena will play the princess (same as the game) but we had no capture targets, I was playing the role of the prince instead.

“If it’s you, Eli, you’ll look more princely than the actual princes, you’ll do great!” Serena said, her eyes shining.

At the very least, I’m confident I can be more princely than that Perverted Prince.

In the two-week lead-up, I constantly rehearsed, going well into the night until exhaustion overwhelmed me.

On the day of the festival itself, we barely saw any of the capture targets because their breaks were when the plays are supposed to go on. In the game, there was a date event at this time but neither myself nor Serena could afford to step out.

What kind of endurance would she have to have to go out on one later?

Then there was the production some of the capture targets were producing. One involves a prince exiled from his country

after being framed for the murder of his father; he eventually comes back to defeat the true murderer and usher peace back to his troubled nation. They had popular voice talents on their side, performing the musical numbers perfectly, entrancing anyone who watched.

I couldn’t deny feeling inadequate in comparison. I wondered if we

should have used a different production, done something different with our set design, or worked harder to rehearse... but ultimately it was all for naught as the capture targets' shows won the highest ratings among the plays.<sup>1</sup>

I had been working all day long, so the others in our group offered to cover me as I took a break on the rooftop.

Looking down at the schoolyard below, seeing the other students hard at work, I'm reminded of our loss. I worked so hard, too... but I suppose there wasn't much use thinking about it now.

Serena came over while I was sulking alone. "Good job today, Eli. Hey, want some noodles I bought from the other groups?" she asked as she held out the bowl.

"Thank you, Serena," I said as I took it. It seems I was hungrier than I thought, wolfing it down in no time.

"Hey, Eli," Serena says with a somewhat mysterious expression, "don't you think it's disappointing we didn't win?"

"No, I don't think so," I lied. "The princes put on a perfect performance, it's to be expected."

"Hmm, fair point," Serena said, "but I still feel pretty down."

We hang out in silence until Serena suddenly says: "I've finally hunted you down, Wicked Dragon! Return the princess to me at once!"

It was one of the "Prince's" lines in the play.

"My Lady, please, don't do something so foolish for my sake!" I continue with the Princess's lines.

We continue to exchange them on the rooftop, quietly recreating the play with just the two of us.

“My Lady, I’m alright now,” I say, my last line.

Serena doesn’t say hers.

“Did something happen, Serena?” I asked.

“You can cry now, Eli,” Serena said quietly.

And with that, I could hold the tears back no longer. I sob as Serena wraps her arms around me. “I wanted to win,” I whimper. “I practiced so hard. Damn it all...”<sup>2</sup>

Serena held me until I stopped crying; if you asked me, she had become a little bit of a “Prince” herself.

# Chapter 6

## Freshman Year, Winter 1

It's December now. My plans to avoid my death flags continue going smoothly. There have been no catastrophic consequences of my becoming friends with Serena rather than completely independent of her. There have been no signs of war so far.

Sergius' coup doesn't worry me, as I'm still holding his reins.

It's Christmas today, too. Back on Earth, this was a Christian holiday to celebrate the birth of Jesus Christ, but it still exists in this fantasy world despite having no equivalent religion here. Was this really okay?

Though to be fair, the name may be the same but the mythology behind it is quite different; in this world, Christmas is a festival for lovers. The story goes that there was a great king from ancient times who gave his wife a beautiful white Gracia flower on this day, her birthday, every year without fail. It still doesn't explain the Santa Claus imagery, but you know what, forget about it.

Today Serena was supposed to go on a date with the character she had raised the most affection flags with. And from here on out, she will be locked onto that character's route rather than the common events so far.

In line with that, I forced a reluctant Sergius back to his home country for the holidays, to prevent his route. I've also ensured that everyone but Arthur is busy with something on this day, to prevent the Reverse Harem route.

If Serena ends up on Arthur's route, I'll escape my fate at the May Ball he'll be hosting next year. I'm not bullying Serena, after all, so he'll never have reason to abandon it to protect her. And moreover, since she and I are such good friends, I'm not going to be executed.

As expected of a perfect person like me.

"Eli, let's go out and have some fun today!" Serena cried.

"Huh?" I asked.

Serena is here. Weird, she should have been going on a date with Arthur at this point.

Eventually, I decided to go out with Serena this Christmas. The first place we visited was the Christmas Market at the royal capital.

“Hey, Serena,” I say, pointing to a display of Santa costumes, “want to try wearing one of those?”

“Eh? But those are so embarrassing,” Serena replied.

“I’m sure you’ll manage,” I said.

“Fine, if you really want me to try it on, I’ll try it on,” Serena says.

We head into the shop, Serena took a set with her to the changing room. “How’s it look?” she asked as she stepped out, now dressed in a Miniskirt Santa outfit.

Oh, she might just be the *cutest* thing in the universe. “Excuse me, I’d like to buy something!” I called out immediately—I needed to have a memento to help preserve this in my mind.

“Hey, what’s gotten into you, Eli?” Serena asked.

“There’s barely any cuteness left in the world,” I replied.

“If it’s this big a deal to you, Eli, you should wear one too,” Serena said.

Wah, should have seen *that* coming.

“Don’t try to get out of this,” Serena said. “If I can wear it, you can, too.”

I ended up becoming a second Miniskirt Santa. “Well?” I asked as I stepped out of the room.

“You’re cute, Eli!” Serena cried. “*Super* cute! Excuse me, I’d like to buy something as well!”

“Going for the matching couple look?” Yoshie asked.

“Don’t call us a couple, Yoshie,” I grumble. I stop as I notice she’s here and dressed as a reindeer. “... Yoshie?!”

“Shi, what are you doing here?” Serena asked.

“I’m helping out the minor nobles with their businesses,” Yoshie explained.

“Because it’s Christmas?” Serena asks.

“No, I hate Christmas,” Yoshie replied. “So, two Miniskirt Santa costumes?”

“Yes,” I said.

“Thank you for your patronage,” Yoshie said.

We said goodbye to her and headed for another spot.

“Hey, Elie, why don’t we exchange gifts?” Serena said out of nowhere.

“But I don’t have a present for you,” I said. I thought she was spending it with Arthur and I had planned on spending mine alone.

“So why don’t we go look around for something for an hour, meet back up, and do it then?” Serena asks.

“That sounds fun, let’s do it,” I say.

“Then see you under that tree over there in an hour?” Severa asked, pointing.

“See you there in an hour,” I reply.

Thus, my gift hunting began.

I’m worried about what I’m going to get her; up until now, I’ve only ever had to send presents to Arthur because he was my fiance. However, those were all formal, courtesy presents, and now I was getting something for my dear friend, Serena.

I can’t mess this up.

“Did you get anything, Eli?” Serena asks after the hour is up, we return underneath the tree.

“I did, and it’s perfect,” I said.

Speaking of meeting underneath trees, the legend goes that confessing



underneath a Christmas tree will ensure that love is true. In MaSLo, Serena would be confessing to her capture target by giving them Gracia flowers. Now, I'm the only one here and Serena doesn't like me in that way, but this is fine; if we keep going like this, she won't enter any routes and put my life at risk.

"Want to exchange now?" Serena asks.

"Yes," I said as I prepare my gift-wrapped package.

Severa stops, pulls out her own, then we both laugh.

"Eli—" "Serena—"

"—We had the same idea," we finish together, holding our identical packages together.

"Eli, can I look inside now?"

"Of course, can I?"

"Yes," Serena replied.

We pull out two identical pendants with the same Gracia flower pattern, a standard Christmas gift in this world.

"We match," Serena said. "It's perfect for us."

"It is," I said.

Severa suddenly hugged me. "Eli, I love you."

I hug her back, and say, "I love you too."

Serena giggles as we pull away. I was so happy I can't help but laugh with her.

# Chapter 7

## Freshman Year, Winter 2

It's February now and Valentine's Day as well. Even in this fantasy world, it exists as a day for girls to give chocolates to boys they like. This strange custom has continued for 500 years in this world, as it had been in Japan in my previous life.

I feel the weight of history.

Speaking of my previous life, there was never anyone I wanted to give chocolates to then, so I forgot about Valentine's Day. However, it seems that it's a big deal at this school, especially with all the attractive students.

"This is for you, Eli," Serena says as she gives me heart-shaped chocolate in a heart-shaped box, my new favourite.

"Thank you," I said before I took a bite. "It's delicious."

"Is it?" Serena asked before she giggled and said, "that makes me glad."

She was so sweet and adorable.

After school, I went looking for Serena and found a massive line. I headed up to the front to investigate and found her sitting at a table. "If you have chocolate only, put it in this box," Serena said, "anything else, put it in this box. Bare chocolates are not allowed."

"What are you doing, Serena?" I asked.

The line erupted into noise.

"It's really her."

"She's so divine."

"We ought to start worshipping her."

How many people are here? I turned to Serena and asked, "What is this line and who are these people?"

"Umm..." Serena went.

In a nutshell, these people were members of my fan club and the line was so they could give chocolates and other gifts to Serena. “But why you, specifically?” I asked.

“I can explain!” said a girl on the side. “Selena is the president of the fan club. As part of her duties, she collects chocolate and gifts.”

“Serena, why haven’t I heard about this before?” I asked Selena.

“Because, I thought you’d be repulsed by it,” Selena explained sheepishly.

“Don’t worry, I’m not repulsed,” I said.

“You’re not?” Serena asked, nervously tilting her head again.

She’s so cute. I want to hug her right now. “I’m not,” I said before I did just that.

Ultimately I decided to let Serena keep collecting the chocolate and gifts, mostly because there were *so many of them*. As my appearance caused quite the fuss, we also ended up holding a meet-and-greet event next to it; Noblesse Oblige, I suppose.<sup>1</sup>

Just as the line ended and we were trying to take it all home, Arthur appeared. Wonderful. “Eliza, don’t you have chocolate for me?” he asked. “I will gladly accept it alongside your kicks.”

“Eli won’t give anything to a perverted prince like you,” Serena said. “Have some self-awareness.”

I wondered if it was a good idea to let speak for me like this, as Lancelot was already pulling up by my side.

“By the way, Arthur, how many chocolates did you get?” I ask.

“45, as I’m sure you’re surprised to hear,” he said. “You may kick me now.”

“I’m not going to kick you, and I’m afraid I have 100,” I reply.

“Wha-?!” goes Arthur and several others hiding in the shadows. So shocked was he that he went home without another word.

It’s March now and once again, White Day has been around for 500 years.<sup>2</sup> It’s so strange that these customs last so long in a world like

this.

It was hard to give back to all the people who'd sent me Valentine's Day chocolates. It's in return for my fans, so because I'm their "perfect lady", I felt I had to put some effort into it. I ended up making chocolates for 100 recipients, each with an individualized message card.

The fans who got it ended up getting dog-piled by five others at the least. My popularity may have kickstarted a religious cult.

"I've come to receive my chocolate," Mordred says as he appears from out of nowhere.

"I can't give you anything if I didn't get anything from you last month," I told him.

Mordred looks troubled and leaves. He returns three minutes later and hands me chocolate. "Here."

"Well, those are the terms," I said as I gave him one back, "you fulfilled your end, I'll fulfill my end."

"Hmm, thank you," Mordred hummed before he left once again.

"Hrmm, you were really sweet with Mordred right now, huh, Eli?" Serena grumbled, her cheeks puffed up. She's so cute.

"Here, Serena," I say as I give her her present.

"This is...?"

"A thank you gift," I said. For everything," I added before I turned away in embarrassment.

"Eli!" Serena cries as she hugs me as usual. "I love you so, so much!"

# Chapter 8

## Sophomore Year, Spring 1

It's been a year since I regained my memories last April. With this new school year, my Magic School life will soon come to an end. But for now, I was in the back room of a coffee shop.

It was usually used for meetings between the noble who owns it and his wife's purveyor; in other words, it's like how restaurants were used in my past life which is why I called Sergius here.

"What the hell do you want, Ms. Meathead?" he asks as he comes in.

I throw a soil dagger by his head. "I'll make sure not to miss next time," I say.

"Woah, okay, my mistake!" Sergius says as he raises his hands in surrender.

I invite him to sit down, he does. "Soon it'll be time for your final mission," I said.

"Final mission?" he asks, tilting his head.

"We're going to destroy the magic cult," I explained.

"Finally... will I be free?" Sergius asked, his face stops looking like an overworked plowhorse headed to slaughter.

"You will," I said. "Follow my orders to the letter, no matter how ridiculous they may seem."

"You make it sound like I trust you that much," Sergius huffs.

"Well, haven't you up to now?" I asked.

Sergius wavers.

"You'll find all your instructions here," I said as I hand him a new set of papers.

And with our business concluded, I left the coffee shop.

“Eli!” Serena cries. “Let’s hurry up!”

I and Serena are currently in a hot spring town. Ostensibly, it’s a vacation with her, but in reality it’s to destroy the magic cult.

In MaSLo, after I was defeated in the Magic Tournament last year, the cult kidnapped me while I was recovering. After being experimented on and brainwashed, I would start regaining Arthur’s favour. Serena would find out the truth then the two of them would team up together to put me out of my misery.

I can’t let such monstrous villains go unchecked, so I was going to crush them before their horrible plans came to fruition.

This is as much for my good as the world.

Even though I had Sergius on the case, I needed to personally handle them, too, so I took Serena with me in case something happened. I swear I’ll apologize for putting her in harm’s way after all is said and done. But right now, we need to go to a restaurant so Sergius can relay what he’s found.

“I’ll have the omelet rice,” I told the waiter.

“I’ll have the omelet rice, too,” Serena said.

I had asked Sergius to write in code with the ketchup.

“Sorry for the wait, here are your orders of omelet rice,” the waiter said as he handed them out.

Did Sergius find anything? Wait, this omelet rice is normal. I glance at Serena.

She’s already started eating it, but I can see parts of deliberately written numbers.

Sergius! What is that idiot doing? The code was already lost in Serena’s stomach.

“That was delicious, Eri!”

“... Wasn’t it?” I say.

“Speaking of which, for some reason my ketchup spelled 881.”

“...”

881: "Danger". I wondered what happened as we left the restaurant.

"Look, Eli, there's a footbath!" Selena said. "Let's go for a soak!"

Oh, yes, that does sound lovely.

I sink my feet into the water and sigh. This place is a paradise of paradises, partly because I also loved hot springs in my previous life. And this foot bath is pretty good in its own right.

"Elizabeth, listen carefully," Sergius said as he used his "Stealth" attribute, leaving him unnoticed by anyone else,

"they've found us. You and Hollina will be surrounded by tomorrow. Help me launch a surprise attack tonight."

I nod. "Thank you for your cooperation," I whisper. But when I turned around, Sergius was no longer there.

"Hey, Eli," Serena called out. "Come here a moment."

I leaned in and she started smelling me. "... You smell like a man. Ugh!" she snapped.

Then she hugged me. I'm surprised by her suddenness, but it's cute so I'll excuse it. "What's wrong?" I asked.

"I'm changing your 'bad guy' scent into my into my scent," Selena says with a smile.

I'm not sure if she can, but it's cute so I'll excuse it.

"Selena, why don't we go to the secret hot spring in the mountains?" I asked.

"Mmm! Let's go, let's go!" she said before we started a *long* trek up.

I was approaching the cult's headquarters, putting Serena at even more risk. I'm sorry, Serena. I'll protect you with everything I've got.

"Phew, we've made it," I said as we arrived.

"I'm so tiiired..." Selena whined.

I formed a wall and golems around us.

“Huh, what’s going on, Eli?” Selena asked.

“I want to keep any guys from peeping on us,” I said.

“As expected of a genius like you, Eli,” Selena said.

Of course, they’re also defenses to protect me and Serena against the cult, but I’ll send half to Sergius. Well, since I’m already doing everything I could... why not take a soak in the secret hot spring?

“Pwah, this feels so good...” I sigh as I sink in, naked.

“Isn’t it?” Severa said. “But you’ve got such a lewd body, Eli.”

I choke on my own spit. “Do you have something to say to me, Serena?”

“No, you misunderstood,” Serena said. “I don’t want to have another nosebleed as I did a little while ago.”

“You know, Serena, I could say the same to you,” I shoot back.

“Eli’s a pervert.”

“Who’s the pervert here?” I ask. “Your face is all red.”

“It just got warm!” Serena says as she dips the bottom half of her face into the water. Cute.

And so we took a break at the secret hot spring.



# Chapter 9

## Sophomore Year, Spring 2

**Translator's Note:** This chapter was deliberately written in the third-person.

Sergius stood around impatiently, wondering if Elizabeth wouldn't come at the agreed upon time.

Suddenly, many, *many* footsteps. Sergius disappears from view, prepares to dispatch the overwhelming numbers coming towards him. He stops as he sees who they are, sighs in relief as breaks the spell and appears before them.

This must be Elizabeth's golem army, right?

The leader hands Sergius a letter, the handwriting is Elizabeth's.

"I will lend you 250 golems. Thank you very much for your service. I'm currently at the secret hot spring at the summit, so if something happens, please contact me through the golems. If I see you up here, I will kill you on sight."

"Fuck me, this woman is crazy," Sergius grumbles as he angrily tears up the letter. However, they could still be pieced together with enough time and effort, so he handed it back to the golem.

It spits fire and burns it to ashes. It seems they're quite well-crafted.

The magical cult they're investigating is ostensibly a legitimate magical research organization, but in reality kidnaps orphans and conducts inhumane experiments.

Crushing them benefits this country as much as Sergius' own. They only wish for peace but after rumours that their neighbours are preparing to declare war on them, he was sent under the cover of an international student to organize a coup and prevent such a conflict.

And since the cult also seems to be developing weapons for war, his home country would have a better chance of victory, and would help Elizabeth's goal of reducing the collateral damage if worst came to worst.

The golems break through the front doors of their headquarters, Sergius observes from the sidelines.

The members of the cult were no weaklings. Many of them were second or third sons of noble families, talented graduates of the Magic School but relegated to mere magicians for their houses. Some of them were even the more powerful spellcasters in the country.

None of this matters.

Elizabeth's golems were concept-level, similar to the strength of the legendary "Thousand Knights". And even if the cult members were strong enough to take on one, they were outnumbered by two. They were so strong the Japanese people might call them "TUEEE"—that is, overpowered.

Eventually, every last member had been subdued or killed in the span of two hours; having witnessed the destruction, Sergius decided he would never become Elizabeth's enemy.

As he went back down the mountain, he saw her doing the same but with Serena by her side.

"Eli, your skin is so soft!" Serena said, shamelessly caressing Elizabeth.

"Stop already, Serena," Elizabeth said. "You've touched me enough."

"Nope, I don't think I have!" Serena counters.

Rage filled Sergius as he realized he had desperately been crushing a magical cult while Elizabeth was having lovey-dovey couple's time, as usual. Then, he realized he couldn't have done it without her golems and calmed down.

Elizabeth passed him by. "Thank you for your hard work," she said.

Now, Sergius just felt *exhausted*.

# Chapter 10

## Sophomore Year, Spring 3

The magic cult is destroyed. With that, it's safe to say there's no chance I'm going to get experimented on, brainwashed, and subsequently murdered. There are still many death flags yet but I'm about to knock down another one today.

Yes, it's time for the May Ball hosted by Arthur.

In MaSLo, it's an important event to get rid of Elizabeth after Arthur and Serena became lovers over Christmas. This Arthur was fine with me, though, and I don't see any other potential issues lurking in the shadows.

(Before you ask, on any other route, this day will just be a date event.) Earlier this day, Arthur talked about how he intends to marry me, even saying lines originally meant for Serena. Maybe if there was no war in the future, I could marry him; if so, I'd be able to live my life in peace even if it was without love.

But as I get time to really think about, I realize I don't want to marry the current Arthur. To be honest, I'd rather spend the rest of my life with the Perverted M-Prince.

Among the people I know, Serena is the first person I'd want to marry, but we're of the same sex and that sort of marriage isn't a thing in this world. But she's got an amazing personality. And she's cute.

I still want to marry Serena.

These were my thoughts as I dressed up for the ball, then headed to the ladies' lounge.

"Yep, you're a villainess," Yoshie said as she saw me.

"Who are you calling a villainess?" I shot back.

"Your dress and make-up *scream* it, except for that pendant on your neck," Yoshie said.

"Well, this is..." I said, touching the pendant I got from Serena for Christmas.

“Everything except the pendant, I tell you,” Yoshie said. “Here, go look at your heroine for a comparison,” she says, pointing at the door.

I turn around and find myself utterly *floored*. I’ve been defeated by Serena’s ‘heroine’ beauty, simple, elegant, and naturally radiant. Ah, she was so cute I didn’t mind her outclassing me *at all*.

“Eli, Shi, you’re both here,” Serena said before she giggled. She approached me and I saw her own pendant around her neck. She was cute.

“Well then, I and Serena are heading out first,” I said.

“Hehe, I was hoping you’d escort me,” Serena says as we leave the lounge and head for the dance hall.

Arthur meets us partway there. “Please wait a moment, Eliza,” he said.

“No, I don’t believe I have the time to spare,” I say as I try to walk past him.

“If you’re angry with me, you’re welcome to kick me,” Arthur said.

“No, you make it sound like it’s a punishment, but I know it’ll be a reward for you,” I retort.

“Oh, and what makes you say that?” Arthur asked.

Does he think I haven’t noticed?

“Well, I suppose we shouldn’t keep the guests waiting any longer,” Arthur said as he stepped aside.

“Agreed,” I replied as we continue onto the dance hall.

It was decorated luxuriously to match its guests, solely comprised of court officials and Magic School students. This was, after all, so Arthur could finally make official our engagement here and abroad; it seemed that custom meant I was popularly known as his *future* fiancée.

“Shall we, Eliza?” Arthur asks as he offers his arm.

“Mm,” I say as I step away from Serena and take it.

It’s most women’s dream to be escorted by a prince; it might have been mine as well if he wasn’t the Perverted M-Prince.

“Attention, everyone!” Arthur calls out as we step out into view, all eyes quickly turn on us. “I hereby declare my intention to marry Elizabeth Aston as soon as we graduate from the Magic School.”

You would think such an announcement would be met with applause and good cheer, but instead the place echoes with a resounding, “We object to this engagement!”

Serena and Lancelot appear before me and Arthur, alongside Sergius and Mordred for some inexplicable reason.

“It’s the end of this country if someone as violent as Aston becomes a princess, much more Arthur’s queen,” Lancelot said. “There must be others who are qualified.”

“No, no, there’s no problem with Eli,” Serena said. “It’s the Perverted M-Prince over here that isn’t worthy of becoming her husband.”

“What are you...?” Arthur sputtered.

I can only stare and stammer at the sight as well. Why are they suddenly fighting now?

“Hmph, it would be a waste to let the throne go to my brother, marry me instead,” Mordred says from the sidelines.

“And what makes you think you have permission to propose to her?” Serena snaps at him.

“How about you marry me instead, Ms. Meathead?” Sergius asked. “You’re incredibly powerful, my country could use that strength.”

“You too?!” Serena snapped at Sergius. I know this situation is getting out of hand, but I can’t help but find her cute fuming mad like that.

“Well, why can’t the Lady marry me instead?” Stan says, sliding in from nowhere.

“You be quiet!” Serena, Sergius, and Lancelot yell simultaneously, with Mordred lending the weight of his glare.

Stan slinks away, cowed.

Suddenly, Arthur laughed. “Do you all want my Eliza this much?” he asked.

“She’s not yours,” Serena growls. The others echo their agreement.

“Normally, I would not let you any of you *dare*,” Arthur said, “but I’m feeling generous. The Magic Tournament this summer—the winner gains the right to marry Eliza.”

I was wondering what he was going to say—but this?! It was the hottest day of the year today but everyone around me was blazing as well. Ah, I can’t take the heat at this rate...

“Just as a courtesy to you all, I *do not* plan to lose,” Arthur said.

“Hmph, neither do I,” Mordred said.

“Aston, I have no interest in you, only the good of the country,” Lancelot said. “Regardless, I will give my all.”

“And I’m not going to let them have you just like that, Ms. Meathead.”

Each capture target declares their intention, one after the other. What is with this *otome* game?

“Eli,” Selena says as she takes my hand into hers, “I swear I’ll be the winner.”

And with that, the May Ball was over and the most consequential School Magic Tournament loomed over us.

# Chapter 11

## Sophomore Year, Summer

It's been about three months since Arthur's May Ball. I didn't have much anything going on during that time, so I'll just skip it as it's not that big a deal.

What *is*, is this year's Magic Tournament, said to be the most exciting one yet. The reason, of course, is that the winner will have my hand in marriage.

What is even going on anymore? I can't keep up.

I don't mean to brag, but I am a good woman. As I realized when I first regained my memory, I had incredible skills, good looks, and an excellent personality as well—a perfect noblewoman with no flaws. There are plenty who would love to marry me and make me their wife, so now everyone is doing their best to do just that.

But seriously, what am I going to do about all *this*?

When I went to confront Arthur about it, I found myself disarmed by his politeness and charm then quickly backpedaled.

When you think about it, he's a master at deception and getting what he wants. He's also a massive pervert, which I'd forgotten for a moment in all the chaos.

He even came to me before the start of the tournament and said, "I will be the champion."

Then, like some rival character in a superhero manga, Serena came up behind him and said, "My apologies, but *I* will be the champion."

"No, *I* will be the champion, you cannot hope to beat my brother," Mordred says as he joins the fray.

Then Sergius and Lancelot came in, too, causing an even bigger ruckus.

"You're quite popular, huh, Eliza?" Yoshie said.

"So it seems..." I mutter, my face was grim. "Well, it seems like you

all believe you'll be the champion. However, I'm not planning to lose myself, so how about we all settle this properly in the arena?"

At that, everyone calmed down and left to prepare.

The tournament proceeded smoothly, it was now time for the finals with the remaining 8 contestants. Serena is in the first half with Arthur, Mordred, and Tanaka Annjustis Masura. I don't who that last one is, it's the first time I've ever heard of him.

When I asked Serena about that, she replied in shock, "You don't know who Tanaka is? But he's so famous!"

And before you ask, the second half is composed of myself, Lancelot, Sergius, and Stan—a quartet of MaSLo all-stars.

My first match is with Sergius. "I'm grateful for your help, but I'm afraid I cannot surrender to you," he said as we met in the arena.

I was nervous, but when the match began and I summoned some golems, Sergius instantly lost all of his confidence.

"Forgive me, I surrender!" he cried.

"Oh *come on*, can't you at least *try*?" I asked.

It seems my golems left quite the impression on him back when we destroyed the magic cult.

Mordred VS Stan was a victory for Mordred. Well, I suppose my disciple can't lose to someone like him. (You didn't hear that last part.)

Lancelot VS Serena was a fiercer battle. Even before the start, the air was charged and heavy.

"Prepare yourself, you who would wish harm on Eli!" Serena called.

"Prepare yourself, you who would abuse Prince Arthur!" Lancelot called back.

It was a clash of equals. Serena fires a hail of light bullets while Lancelot keeps on reinforcing himself against the assault.

In the end, victory was won by the death of a thousand cuts.



“Eli, I won!” Serena said as she came back.

Because she did, I let her use my lap as a pillow as she rested.

She giggled and said, “You smell so good, Eli.”

Tanaka VS Arthur was an overwhelming victory for Arthur. Right from the start, called upon a huge magic sword and Tanaka surrendered at the sight. (By the way, for someone so famous, he had such a plain face; he looked like just another ordinary person, so much so that I couldn’t really recall what he looked like.) Now it was time for me VS Mordred.

“I will not lose to you again!” he called out as we met in the arena.

“It looks like I need to teach you that it’s impossible to exceed your master,” I replied.

The match started, I summoned a golem.

“*Holy Arrow Rain*,” Mordred muttered, a small enchanted bow appearing in his hands.

The golem crumbles from the barrage. “Alright, how about this?” I say, casting the same gravity spell from last time.

“*Mach*,” Mordred said.

An arrow flying at sonic speed almost hit me, if I hadn’t thrown up a mud wall at the last second. My gravity magic falters, Mordred is still free.

“*Earth Sphere*,” I cast.

The ground around Mordred rises up, he gets trapped in a sphere of rapidly hardening clay. He tries to break out of it, but the holes keep filling in, the sphere gets smaller and smaller until finally... he’s finished.

“Haah, I couldn’t surpass you,” Mordred mutters after he’s free.

“I don’t think you could ever beat me,” I said, “but, at least you’ve gotten stronger, Mordred.”

“Seems I have,” Mordred said. “Now then, will you marry me?”

What is he going on about?

“Hold it right there!” Serena and Arthur cry as they rush into the arena and fire spells at Mordred.

“Only the winner has the right to marry Eli!” Serena cries. “Right, Arthur?”

“Absolutely right!” Arthur replies. “Mordred, you are breaking the rules! And Eliza, kick me!”

“No.”

“The Perverted Prince is right!” Serena finishes. “No more cheating!”

You would think these were actually good friends.

“Now then, Serena,” Arthur said, “let us see who will marry Eliza.”

“Let’s,” Serena said. “I’m going to win Eli’s hand, you’ll see!”

Oh come on, it’s like I’m not even here.

The battle between them started soon after.

I think Arthur has the advantage in this fight. He has that legendary sword and can cast at creation-level, too. On the other hand, Serena has the rare Light attribute but she hasn’t yet reached that point.

There is a world of difference between those who use creation-level spells and those who cannot.

Normally, every element has innate weakness like fire against water, but with at creation-level, one could craft something like Greek Fire that burns just fine on water.<sup>1</sup> With enough creativity and talent, any weakness could be overcome.

The match begins.

Like a Hero King, Arthur sends a magic sword flying out towards Serena, Serena blocks it with a light barrier.

“Let us end this, Serena,” Arthur said as he pulls an enchanted blade from its sheath.

“That’s...” Serena mutters.

“The Holy Sword, Excalibur,” Arthur said.

But it looks completely different from last year. MaSLo’s Excalibur doesn’t look a thing like that.

“*This* Excalibur was wielded by a king from another world, and with it my victory is certain,” Arthur explains, walking towards Serena with an evil smile. “It is your loss, Serena.”

“I will be the one who’ll marry Eli!” Serena cries, undeterred. (Her words make me a little embarrassed.) The battle continues. Serena is wavering now while Arthur is almost untouched.

From the stands, I cry, “You can do this, Serena!”

The rest of the crowd begins to cheer with me, like a ripple spreading with me at the center. Serena begins to glow up like a Super *Saiyan*—the hero’s 11th Hour Superpower.<sup>3</sup> How could I forget that she was still the heroine of this game?

Serena is now as strong as Arthur, with or without the Alter-Excalibur. Eventually, he falls to his knees, and says, “It’s your victory, Serena.”

Shortly after, Serena fell to her knees, too. “Eli, I won!” she cries.

“You did!” I called back.

Her smile was so bright then.

After that final match, Serena took an hour to rest with recovery magic involved, too. “Told you I wouldn’t lose, Eli!” she said as I visited her.

I feel like I’m falling for her all over again.

Serena was soon deemed unfit to fight any longer, so I won my second Magic Tournament and the right to choose whoever I wanted to marry.

“Congratulations on your second consecutive title, Lady Elizabeth!” Stan says.

“Hey, Stan, what are you doing back here?” I thought.

It was just before the start of the customary after-tournament party, hosted by the sophomores for themselves.

“Congratulations, Eli!” Serena says, wobbling a little on her feet but otherwise just fine.

“Thank you,” I said.

And just before the party was about to start, Arthur came up to me and asked, “So, who are you going to marry, Eliza?”

The air instantly changes.

“By the way, if you marry me, I assure you a problem-free life,” Arthur continued.

“Please don’t joke around, Arthur,” I said.

“Well... I wasn’t joking but never mind,” Arthur said. “Let’s get married.”

What a persistent pest!

“Yeah, I consider you a back-up plan at best,” I said. “I’m going to marry Serena.”

“Huh...?” Serena asked, her expression surprised and then delighted. Cute.

“I’m afraid this country doesn’t allow same-sex marriage,” Arthur said.

Serena looked like she was going to end someone. “Then you go do something about that,” she said.

“Oh, I’ll give it my best,” Arthur said. It was the first time in a long time I’ve ever seen him look that serious.

Serena hugged me and asked, “Will you marry me, Eli?”

“Yes, if you’ll have me, Serena,” I replied.

“It could only ever be you, Eli,” Serena replied.

Aah~ this girl is just too cute!

“Sorry for intruding on your moment, Eliza, but you should take a look around,” Yoshie said.

I did and found several soldiers surrounding me.

“Elizabeth Aston, you are under arrest for subversion,” says their leader.

Huh?

# Chapter 12

## Sophomore Year, Autumn

It's been about three days since I was arrested on charges of attempting to overthrow the state. I've been getting excellent treatment instead of getting beaten and tortured. Well, I suppose I was lucky I was a noblewoman in these circumstances.

"It's time for your interrogation," said a soldier as he roughly he escorted me out of my cell and to the room.

What was waiting for me in there?

"Well done, Elizabeth Aston," said Gigi, the king of this country.

"Why did you arrest me?" I asked as I was seated.

"Do you really not know?" Gigi asked. "After you interfered so dramatically with our plans?"

He seems totally convinced while I'm totally lost. "I didn't do anything," I said.

"Enough with this nonsense!" he snaps. "Were you not the one who crushed the magical cult and disrupted our plans for war?"

It was then that I understood that he was my enemy.

He must have been the man behind the war at the climax of the game. The cult was for developing powerful weapons as tensions increased with their neighbours. And was Sergius' coup just playing into the palm of his hands, giving him a legitimate reason to retaliate?

"It's better to have peace than war," I said.

"But an endless war will be far more profitable," Gigi countered.

"So that's why..." I muttered.

"Indeed," Gigi said. "Didn't you ever notice that you were so close to our secret weapon?"

"Close to... Serena?" I muttered.

“Yes...” Gigi said with an evil smile. “Serena Hollina. Her element isn’t Light, but Divine Blessing. The perfect tool for absolute victory.”

The “Ms. Meathead” in me was set off. Before I knew it, I had reached over the table and was attacking Gigi. “Don’t call Serena a tool!” I yelled to his face. “I will *never* forgive you for *all* of this!”

The soldiers in the room gather around me and separate us; despite their presence, I start making a golem out of the floor.

“We are under attack!” a soldier cries as he busts into the room.

“What...?!” Gigi cried.

“The enemy is seeking the release of Lady Elizabeth, with Princes Arthur and Mordred leading them,” the messenger said.

“It appears House Aston and the other nobles have joined them.”

“My stupid sons, do they mean to taunt me?!” Gigi roared.

“Unbelievable...”

I laughed, and said, “My, my! It seems you’ve become the fox for the princes’ hunting party!”

In the ensuing chaos, I created a giant super-golem who effortlessly took the soldiers down for me. 10 minutes later, Arthur’s army breaks through into the interior, the terrified King Gigi escapes by the court magicians teleporting him out of there.

“Eli!” Serena yells as she rushes in to hug me. “I’m so, so glad you’re here!” she sobs, tears streaming down her eyes. “I was so scared they might have taken you somewhere else!”

She was still so very cute like this. “It’s alright now, I’m here,” I said.

Then Serena started smelling me. “Aahh, Eli’s scent for the first time in three days!” she said.

She doesn’t seem to be listening to me. Oh well, it’s not like I’m complaining.

“Sorry to have kept you waiting, Eliza,” Arthur said as he bowed before me. “We had some trouble with the preparations.”

“Raise your head, you haven’t done anything wrong,” I said.

“If I’ve displeased you in any way, feel free to kick me,” he continued.

“You just want me to do that.”

Even with all this, the Perverted M-Prince hasn’t changed one bit.

“Hmm, it seems you didn’t need our help,” Mordred said as he appeared.

“What the hell...?” Sergius asked as he came up as well.

They were both staring at the golem I made. It was castle-sized, having wrecked the ceiling just by coming into existence, giving us have a clear view of the blue sky above us.

“I seem to have overdone it,” I say sheepishly.

“Overdone it’ is an understatement!” Sergius yelled, terrified. “What is this, Ms. Meathead?!”

He seemed so scared he couldn’t move, so I threw a soil knife at him to bring him back to his senses.

“Haha, it seems everyone’s all here!” Serena said.

“I see,” is all I can say.

“Arthur, we can move onto to next step!” Serena says as she pulls away and takes my hand. “Come on, let’s get ready!”

“Hey, Serena, what is the next step?” I ask.

Serena smiled, and said, “We overthrow King Gigi and create a new, better nation with me and you as the heads of state!”

Hey, hey, is this really alright?

Chapter 13



# Epilogue

It's been 6 months since I was arrested for subversion. Before you ask, the war with King Dumbass ended in 3 days.

It was inevitable as our forces were just too strong. First, there were all the students from the Magic School. Then, there were the aristocrats who already supported Mordred and Arthur joining them in battle, with many neutral parties like my family coming along. And when the truth came out about the King and the Magic Cult, the common people were so outraged they joined us to stop him by all means.

I ended up getting called the Goddess of Justice for trying to prevent all this and was turned into the leader of our forces, as well.

Perhaps our enemy thought he could compete with quality against quantity, but the difference in numbers was just too overwhelming after three days. Immediately afterward, King Dumbass and his court were banished and a new nation with myself and Serena ruling it was established in their place.

How did this happen?

In my original life, I was just a high school student, now I'm the supreme ruler of a nation, I just can't wrap my head around it. I also feared that putting the fate of the nation into the hands of barely-adults like myself would soon cause its collapse.

But, it didn't come to pass, as the capture targets (Arthur included) worked tirelessly to prevent that. The country is better off now, even.

After the dust settled, I started making business trips across my new territory. With my conception level spells, I could start quickly and conveniently improving the infrastructure of this country. I wasn't seen as a contractor, though, but a queen.

Though I couldn't attend the ceremony for all that travel and work, I've finally graduated from Magic School.

But there was no way I was missing this event, being held at a church. Beside me is a girl in a snow-white dress: Serena.

My outfit is much the same.

Yes, today is our wedding.

It's funny that I once thought I was straight like most people. Well, I suppose it was easier for me to think that my love, Serena, just happened to be a girl.

"Eli," Serena whispers to me, "let's live a happy life together."

She's so cute.

"Let's," I whisper back.

And so we were officially married.

I wondered what kind of future we'd have, but I knew that with Serena, I'd always be happy.

## **Elizabeth Aston**

The last Queen of the Old Kingdom before the birth of the current Republic, also known as the Goddess of Justice or the Queen of the Eternal Age. Her reign began when she rooted out the corruption of the previous court then took the throne for herself, all while she was a student at her country's Magic School. She is beloved by many throughout the world from all walks of life.

Furthermore, it is said that her political skills were incredibly advanced in hindsight, many crediting the birth of the Republic at the end of her reign to her actions as the monarch. Also famous as the world's First Lesbian Ruler, it is said that she always had her wife Serena Hollina by her side, and spent much of her later years with her.

Excerpt from *The World's Greatest Figures, Vol. 3*

# Chapter 14

## Extra Edition

“Eli, let’s go on a date!” Serena said.

That was four years ago when we were still serving as queens and overwhelmed with our duties. Speaking of duties, I still had a huge list of them, but since I’d been working so tirelessly without breaks, a half-day rest sounded good.

I looked to the side and at Yoshie, then my personal servant. “Take it slow sometimes,” she said.

“Now, who else are we taking with us?” I thought. “Selena, what are the kids doing?” I asked.

Yes, Serena and I have 6 children. Even if neither of us endured the pains of childbirth, we loved like they were our own blood.

“Well...” Serena said, looking here and there, “I just want to be alone with you today, Eli...”

So cute. The kids certainly minded, but I didn’t.

“Sergius!” I called out as we left.

“Yes, what is it?” Sergius asked as ran up, looking exhausted.

“I and Serena are going on a date now,” I said. “I leave the children to you.”

“Hah...” Sergius sighed. “Understood, Elizabeth!”

It’s was the first time I’d seen him look that upset in a while. Ah well, the kids don’t hate him, so I had nothing to worry about.

“So, we’re here at Gourmet Street,” I say as we entered, both of us disguised as commoners.

“What do you want to get, Eli?” Serena asked

“I’ll think about it while we walk.”

“Okay.”

Gourmet Street is one of the areas I’ve redeveloped in this city, now with various shops where people can go enjoy delicious food.

“Let’s try that place over there,” I said, pointing.

“Mm, *taiyaki* sounds good,”1 Severa said. “What flavour are you getting? I want custard.”

“I’m thinking *anko*,”2 I reply.

You may think it’s inappropriate to have *taiyaki* in a Medieval European world like this, but I think it’s just fine if it’s delicious.

“Here, Eli,” Serena said, holding hers out to me. “Say ‘Aaah...’”

“Aaah...” I said before I took a bite of hers. “You too, Serena,” I said as I held mine out.

“Thank you,” Serena said as she leaned in.

We walked around with our *taiyaki*, wondering what we should buy next.

“Good day, ladies, you two look like you could use some escorts...” a man said before he suddenly stopped. “... My Queens.”

“Lancelot, what are you doing?” I asked.

“Oh, nothing,” he replied.

“Lancelot, this isn’t nothing!” I say. I’ve almost had it then with my life suddenly turning into a comedy sketch.

“My apologies, my apologies, my Queen,” said Stan, the bastard. “I just insisted that Lancelot come to offer our company.”

“Well, I don’t think this is very priest-like behaviour,” I said. “As punishment for tarnishing your titles, I want you both to subdue that dragon that’s settled in the western mountains.”

“No, we’ll die there!” Stan said, panicking.

“Whatever you say, regardless of what you think of your abilities, the intruder must be dealt with,” I said.

“My Queen, this is cruel!” Stan lamented.

I ignored him. “Let’s go, Serena.”

“Let’s,” she said back.

In a week’s time, they returned unharmed after having successfully dealt with the dragon.

Now we had soft-serve ice cream instead of *taiyaki*, bought from a nearby store as well.

“Eli!” Serena said. “You’ve got ice cream on your cheek.”

Instead of wiping it with her finger, she licked it off with her tongue... was she so bold then because it’d been so long since we last had time together?

“Uh...” I stammered.

Serena giggled. “Was that a little too lewd?” she asked.

She was cute. Yes, still so very cute.

“Eli, where are we going next?” Serena asked as she clung to my arm, her expression cute and sly as well.

“I’ve got a ticket for a play from Yoshie, why don’t we go watch?” I asked.

“That’s just like her, huh?” Serena said.

We dropped the commoner disguises at the theater and revealed ourselves as the queens. We were taken to the VIP

section, and found—

“Gah!” me and Serena both cried.

Arthur was there. “Oh, I’m so glad I could get such a lovely reaction from you both,” he said.

“Shut up, Perverted M-Prince!” we both snapped.

“As expected of you two,” Arthur said, “you abuse me in exactly the same way.”

We were both too stunned to say anything more. Neither of us ever got used to Arthur's habits.

"Hmm, what are you two doing here?" Mordred said as he appeared from behind.

"I'm here on a date with Serena," I said.

"Ah, explains why you're being so sweet with each other," Mordred replied.

"S-So, why are you two here?" I asked Mordred, flustered.

Why do these brothers have to bother us so? Serena was so nervous she grabbed my skirt and looked down.

"I'm playing matchmaker for Arthur," Mordred said.

"Huh?" I asked, outraged.

Since Mordred played matchmaker for Arthur, would they find a good woman for him? No, he probably wouldn't have. I didn't think his handsome face made up for his perversion.

"So where is she?" I asked.

"She's the star of this play," Mordred replied.

"Wow, an actress..." I said.

"We apologize for being here and intruding on your date," Arthur said. "And while you still have the chance, you may kick me again, Eliza."

"... I'd rather not."

I had forgotten Arthur was behind me from the shock that his date was an actress. This was a dangerous situation.

"That was a good play, huh, Serena?" I asked afterward.

"Yes it was, Eli," Serena replied.

"And now we know that the star is going on a date with Arthur..." I muttered.

“Yeah...” Serena muttered.

She was so beautiful and talented and now she was getting him.

While we continued that conversation, we headed for the viewing platform in the residential area; at night, the cherry blossom trees here are quite the sight.

“Wow... it’s so beautiful,” Serena said.

“It is,” I said.

“Speaking of which, so many things have happened in the last for years, huh?”

There was quite a lot: UFO crashes, making money reserves like it was in Japan, the sudden popularity of baseball, and the establishment of a professional league as a consequence...

“But you know, even if it got hard at times, I was still very happy because I had you by my side, Eli,” Serena said. “I love you, Eli.”

“I lo—”

Serena kissed me before I could complete my sentence.

“Ehehe...” I chuckled before I was too embarrassed to speak.

I looked around, and suddenly the people I’d run into today. “What the...?”

“You called us out here, Elizabeth,” Arthur said.

“Huh, I had called you out here, didn’t I?” I muttered.

“Well, isn’t today the cherry blossom viewing party you’re sponsoring?” Arthur asked.

“I’m not doing anything inappropriate!” I cried.

Arthur murmured that he was disturbed by my outburst, but I didn’t mind him because I was innocent.

And that aside, I didn’t hate that messy everyday life of mine.